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For the Lily.  
TO A FRIEND.

To thee I'd speak no stranger dialect;  
No speech of adulation false, in web  
Of flattery strongly wrought; but in the tone  
Of friendship ardent, breathe her fervent lay.  
O! for an angel's harp, that I might breathe  
In wildest strains, celestial melody  
From every golden chord; then might I wake  
The wily muses' kindly sympathy,  
And image forth the wealth of happiness.—  
The untold measures of supernal bliss,  
That circle wildly through the beating life  
Of friendship's early days: in thrilling joy  
I'd tell of hours when Fancy's brain grew wild  
With curious fantasies, or, nestling 'neath  
The waveless deep of passion's rolling tide,  
Young Friendship dreamless slept,

But all in vain!

For thoughts have birth which speech transcend.  
To breathe the name, to know and feel its power—  
Is dearer joy than feeble words may tell. [er,  
Friend of my early youth—where'er may lead  
Thy path of Destiny—what'er thy bright  
Or arduous lot,—deep on the tablet of  
Thy memory, let the assurance rest engraven  
That now, and e'er as erst I was, I'll be  
A faithful friend.—

Where balmy twilight wafts  
On zephyr's wings thine orisons to Heaven,  
And Silence from her starlit mountain throne  
Breathes stillness deep o'er placid lake, or vale,  
And woodland grove, and through "the listening  
Or, stealing noiseless from her leafy home [air,"  
The gentle night-wind fans into a flame,  
The latent fires of sympathy; when in  
The far-off tempest's doleful moan, is heard  
In truthful imagery the requiem  
Of withered joys;—when hope in dreary bliss  
Looks forth, and Faith with steady nerve unfolds  
The portals of Eternal Love—and too,  
When grief's full flood wells up the fountains of  
The soul, O, then to memory tribute pay;—  
Remember then thy friend.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, ALBANY.

To love the beautiful in all things, to surround  
ourselves, as far as our means permit, with all its  
endowments, not only elevates the thoughts, and  
harmonizes the mind, but is a sort of homage we  
pay to the gifts of God and the labors of men.—  
The beautiful is the priest of the benevolent.

Every one who bears the name of a gentleman  
is accountable for it to his family.

From the Ladies Magazine and Album.  
EN DISHABILLE:  
A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

BY B. M. I.

Carolyn Kinsman sat before her Piano, idly,  
and somewhat impatiently running her fingers  
over the keys, when her husband came in one  
evening, from the laborious duties of the counting-  
room. Carolyn did not turn round when he en-  
tered, and he stood a moment in surprise that the  
usual arrangements for tea were entirely want-  
ing, and still more surprised that his wife did not  
so much as notice his entrance. Mr. Kinsman  
was faint and weary; but he approached Carolyn  
with a smile, and bending over her to kiss her  
he said—

"I am a little later than usual to-night, dear;  
business detained me. O, how thankful I am it  
is night, I am so faint and tired."

Carolyn did not return his caress nor his smile.  
She only looked up from her music, an interrupted  
hiw rather pettishly.

"Yes; more than a little later, I should think, I  
kept the table waiting for you till I was—I was  
very much disobliged by it; and now you will find  
the tea-pot on the stove in the kitchen, and the  
bread and butter on the table."

Mr. Kinsman was more astonished than ever;  
the warm current of his tenderness was almost  
petrified by Carolyn's unwonted manner, for it was  
the first time since their marriage, almost a year  
before, that she had not greeted him at his return  
home with a loving smile, and a word or kiss of  
welcome. Was it possible that he had all along  
been banqueting in a delicious dream of paradise,  
into which a serpent had now suddenly stolen?

There were indefinable and very painful thoughts  
rushing tumultuously through the young husband's  
bosom, as he turned away from his beloved and  
beautiful wife, and walked into the kitchen to par-  
take of his unrefreshing and lonely repast. The  
tea was at a miserable, sickish, vapid temperature,  
the bread and butter was well enough if it had  
been on the table in the neat parlor, with Carolyn  
in her usual place at the head of it,—the ginger-  
bread,—he had no inclination to touch it. He  
very hastily finished his supper, without the least  
refreshment or the least enjoyment, and return-  
ed to the parlor, determined, if possible, to discov-  
er the occasion of Carolyn's strange deportment.  
The lamp was burning very dimly on the table,  
but Mrs. Kinsman had shut up her piano, laid  
aside all her music, and retired to her own room.  
Mr. Kinsman took up a daily paper, but he only  
glanced over it without receiving an idea. He  
threw it down and rocked himself uneasily for  
some minutes; then he looked for his slippers  
and dressing gown—Carolyn always brought these  
and laid them ready for him—nothing was to be  
seen of slippers or dressing gown now.

"What in the world does it mean? I'll go and  
find out," murmured Mr. Kinsman, as he rose to

go up stairs to find Carolyn. She was standing  
before a window, looking out into the street,  
watching the passers-by.

"You haven't brought my undress, to-night,  
Carrie; where are my shoes and my wrapper?"  
said Mr. Kinsman, very pleasantly.

"I don't know, Mr. Kinsman—where you left  
them, I suppose," replied Carolyn, still keeping  
her post at the window. Mr. Kinsman placed  
himself at her side and passing his arm about  
her, he said with gentleness and compassion, though  
a tear was ready to start to his manly eye.

"Why, my dearest Carolyn! what has disturb-  
ed you? I have been late at home before, and  
you never seemed so unlike—"

Mrs. Kinsman pushed away the arm that  
clasped her waist, and turning aside her face from  
the earnest and wondering gaze of her husband,  
she only replied—

"Nothing—much. I must go and see to those dishes."

"No, Carolyn," pursued Mr. Kinsman, drawing  
her gently to a seat by his side; they are of  
small consequence compared with any trouble or  
sorrow that dims your happiness, my beloved. Is  
not that the object of my highest human aim?"

"I don't know as I think it is, Mr. Kinsman,  
though you seem just now to be playing the lover,"  
interrupted Mrs. Kinsman, "I feel dissatisfied and  
neglected, and I have every reason for doing so."

"Dissatisfied and neglected, Carolyn! with  
what and how? exclaimed the startled husband.  
Have I failed in my attention to your requests,  
or preferred any society to the society of one who  
holds sovereign empire in my soul—the one dear-  
er than everything on earth besides?"

"You don't go anywhere with me, Mr. Kins-  
man, nor ask me to any of those places of enter-  
tainment, where other persons take their wives,  
and where I have sometimes been with a lover,"  
replied Mrs. Kinsman, with more bitterness and  
severity of tone than her husband had supposed  
her sweet and flute-like voice capable of assuming.  
And she rose to leave him.

"Wait a little, do, my wife—my dear Carolyn,"  
urged her husband, though he was wounded to  
his heart. "Did I not tell you when we were  
first married, I was always ready to attend you  
anywhere, and you had only to make known your  
wishes, and they should be my law? And did  
you not decide yourself, Carolyn, that we would  
give up the expenses of such amusements for the  
present and find our happiness in our home, where  
it has been the truest, and the purest man could  
desire, till this sad hour of blighting?"

Carolyn Kinsman curled her beautiful lip and  
frowned till she was no longer beautiful. Indeed  
the mischief is within, young wife. The error  
lies not in the fond and self-denying and noble  
heart that beats so lovingly, yet so mournfully at  
your side. O, banish the bad spirit, before it  
brings thunderings and a tempest over the sky of  
love. Listen to the rustle of the angel's wing,  
the angel of peace and love, now poising above  
you; bend your will to the clamorings of a deep



tenderness, momentarily overcast, and all will be brightness and joy again. But no. The surging of the human passions must be like the rolling of an ocean billow, rushing fiercely onward and onward, unchecked by the kiss of the zephyr or the smile of the sunbeam, till its strength is wasted, or it is dashed back, foaming and broken by hidden breakers, that lie sleeping in calmer waters!

'And so,' retorted Carolyn, 'because I began staying at home purely out of regard for your often implied desire, and in consideration of your circumstances, I may stay at home forever, may I? It is very cheap and convenient, I confess, to talk about attention and devotion on the part of some husbands.'

Mr. Kinsman was not naturally a very calm man, though lofty Christian principle had subdued a hasty and impetuous spirit to very reasonable control. But his blood began to boil; he felt the wrathful tide coursing through his veins, at Carolyn's unjust insinuations, and he replied:

'No, you need not stay at home forever; where will you go? I will do something besides talk!'

'Ah, it's too late now Mr. Kinsman. I did wish to attend Signor G——'s concert to-night; but you were not at home till just eight, and I would not go at this hour. I might have gone with Mr. ——— with an acquaintance—but my dress was not suitable!'

'An unavoidable engagement detained me to-night, Mrs. Kinsman,' replied her husband. 'I did intend to take you to the concert, and arranged my business accordingly; but an unexpected call prevented. Now, pray tell me with what else you are dissatisfied besides your husband.'

'A great many things, and who wouldn't be?' returned Carolyn, in a more bitter tone than before. 'I do not want to be confined to the kitchen, morning, noon and night, scorching myself over a cooking stove, when my acquaintances can all keep a girl, and go out when they please. And I want a place besides the parlor, where I must receive all my company, for a dining room. It is very unpleasant, indeed, Mr. Kinsman; and if anything in your arrangements troubled and vexed you as much, I am pretty sure that there would be a change, and that right speedily. And then I think we ought to have a new piano—this second-hand one was contemptible to begin with—I always despised it. I was mortified to death, with it, when a lady of my acquaintance declined to play on it, she declared it sounded so.'

'She must have been a lady,' interrupted Mr. Kinsman; 'pray, who was it Carolyn? But you never found any difficulty with it before, and I am sure it has not been so very contemptible when your musical taste and skill have elicited for you such warm admiration from your friends.—Who could the lady have been you speak of?'

'Miss Bourne,' replied Mrs. Kinsman, hesitating and blushing. 'Miss Bourne and—her brother called to-day, and expressed astonishment to find me situated just as I am,—from the very hour of my marriage pinned down to domestic cares, with so many things to discourage and vex me. And Carolyn buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed passionately.'

Mr. Kinsman was angry and astonished, but he subdued his feelings to as much mildness as he could command and replied—

'Mr. Bourne! Indeed! Well, I must think he was insultingly familiar in the expression of his sentiments to a married lady, Carolyn. But you are well aware that we cannot afford all the elegancies of life yet—'

'O yes, yes,' interrupted Mrs. Kinsman.—'I knew the old story was coming; but we could afford the decencies of style, if you had not saddled yourself with your partner's debts out of your own scrupulous notions of—of—I wish I had married Mr.—'

'I wish you had, madam,' retorted Mr. Kinsman losing all self-control, and bursting into a storm of passion, such as had not for years desolated the rich growth of his moral sensibilities.—Words of bitter recrimination followed on both sides but not one of gentleness, tending to turn away wrath, was spoken by either. Self respect

raised its sceptre and sought its majesty in vain—the whirlwind of pride and passion silenced alike its voice, and the voices of conscience and religion. The sun of love, that had shone so long, undimmed by a single cloud, upon the young husband and wife, seemed to have been suddenly obscured, and to have gone down in utter darkness, never to rise again. 'Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.'—Let the young wife beware how she casts the spark that will explode the magazine—aye and the young husband too! The ruin may oftentimes be a costlier one than the ruin of palaces or cities, even the ruin of household love for a long life-time! Again I say, beware!

The Mr. Bourne in question possessed a very graceful and elegant exterior, and a large fortune; and this was all that could be said in his favor.—Carolyn's beautiful face, winning manners and brilliant musical talents, had completely fascinated him, and he pressed a suit in his own behalf, even after he knew the prize had been adjudged to Mr. Kinsman. Carolyn deeply loved the latter, and freely and entirely gave him the only wealth she possessed, the wealth of her first and freshest affections. She truly gave her heart when she gave her hand; but she had been flattered by the persevering devotion of a lover whom the world looked upon in such favorable, such enviable light, as the rich and polished Conrad Bourne, and mothers and daughters wondered that the orphan Carolyn Murdoch should refuse him, and the position in society he could give her, for a poor young merchant, who had already been signally unfortunate in business, and whose upright honesty and spotlessness of character, together with an unconquerable energy, constituted all the wealth he could boast.

This same Conrad Bourne and his sister were passing a few days in B——; and they had unluckily called on Mrs. Kinsman at a most unlucky hour. They were gaily and very expensively dressed in the very top of the fashion, and Carolyn was unaccountably and unnecessarily still in her morning gown at that late hour of the day. The weather had been lowery and unpleasant, and presuming that no one would call, she had so few acquaintances, by a singular unwonted negligence, she was utterly unready for company! Poor Carolyn! her self-possession entirely forsook her when she saw them alight, but it would never do to leave them ringing at the door while she could dress; the carriage would drive away—she forever thereafter wished it had—there was nobody in the house but herself, so she answered the summons of the bell in more confusion than she ever felt in her life before, and received the quondam lover, 'en dishabille.'

The visitors stared at her attire in unconcealed astonishment, and stared again in more, when she ushered them into her parlor, where, alas! the table was laid for tea, thus revealing the undeniable fact that the room answered the double purpose of a dining and receiving room. All the arrangements of the parlor were plain and simple, but perfectly suited to the circumstances of Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman. Carolyn knew that her visitors were accustomed to the plentitude of luxurious elegance, and when she saw them glance at the table, the furniture, herself and then at each other, instead of feeling disdainful contempt for such ill-bred vulgarity, her cheeks burned with intense mortification that her apartments were not above their ridicule. She began to feel ashamed of every article of furniture, and especially, as well she might of her own unpardonable personal appearance. She apologized in the most awkward manner, and they received her apology with an uncomfortable silence. She begged they would excuse her to dress: but no—they were only at liberty for a few moments, and they hoped she would not think of leaving them.

They did stay an hour or more, however; and the turn of their conversation tended to anything rather than to soothe and quiet Carolyn's excited feelings.

Miss Bourne laughed at the idea of her baking, and washing dishes, brought up as she had been;

and wondered how she managed to do so with hands so soft and fair, and her complexion so clear and natural. Mr. Bourne, taking up the subject of flattery almost where he had broken it, when a suitor, declared that she was born to wear a coronet, and that it was too bad that she must be her own maid of all work, and live in so private a sphere. Had he been so happy as to be her husband, what a profusion of splendor should have surrounded her, what a willing slave to her slightest wishes would he have been. And then he sighed, and said it was all over now—his heart and his hopes were crushed together.

At any other time Mrs. Kinsman would have regarded it treason to her beloved husband even to hear such sentiments, and the expression of them unpardonable effrontery, but now she was so disconcerted, so foolishly troubled, she really began to think herself very unfortunate in the position she had chosen, and before Mr. Bourne and his sister had departed, a fretful, repining and discontented spirit resolutely invaded and took possession of the sanctuary of her affections. She felt obliged to decline Mr. Bourne's very pressing invitation to allow him the honor and the pleasure of attending her to Signor G——'s concert; and the moment her visitors had turned their backs on her quiet abode, she threw herself on the sofa and wept violently, for—she knew not what! Something evil in her bosom suggested, it was her husband's fault, he had delayed coming home in season to tea—he had not procured a house with a dining room in it—he had purchased a second-hand piano, though a very fine one—all at once, the first time she had ever found fault with him, he had done everything wrong! She rose from the sofa all in tears, and hurried the tea things out of the room, forgetting that the emergency was past, and it mattered little whether the tea-table stood there or not, now; and then she flitted up stairs to lay off in disgust and passion, the offending dishabille, and to look contemptuously at everything.

And so her pride kept chafing, and the fever grew worse and worse as the time passed, and Mr. Kinsman still tarried at his counting-room.—And so she brought about the sad scene I have detailed, a great result from a very trivial cause.—the dishabille was at the root of the whole of it!

Days passed on, and both husband and wife were completely unhappy; the light of their dwelling was changed to darkness, and domestic confidence and felicity into discord, reserve and misery. The sweet reminiscences of the past only clothed the future in garments of dread, and made life seem a weariness and a loathing.

Mr. Kinsman's high-minded manliness came first to the rescue. He regarded the beligerent position of himself and wife as revolting, inexpedient and disgraceful in the last degree; and tho' he could only blame himself for want of stern self-control, he resolved upon an explanation, and a termination of their difficulties at once. He could not live so, and he knew that Carolyn must be as miserable as he was; so one evening he came home from his store earlier than usual, and sitting down by his wife, and taking her hand in his, said very quietly.

'We have been unhappy, dearest Carolyn; I am ashamed and heartily repentant of my part in the—'

'I am sure it behooves you to be,' replied Carolyn, scornfully withdrawing her hand, though her voice faltered and her lips trembled. Mr. Kinsman could endure no more; he cast one glance of unutterable sorrow in her face, and bowing his head, he wept such tears as his wife little imagined one week before would ever be shed over her!

But those tears unsealed the fountain of her love again. She sat one remorseful moment in silence—a flood of long restrained self-reproach and self-rebuke swept through her soul—the sunshine of affection bursting in again after the storm, revealed her unreasonable and cruel conduct in its true aspect—melted and overcame,



He pressed her fair arms about her husband's neck, and pressed her wet and glowing cheek to his.

I need not say how fondly and forgivingly he shaped her to his heart. I need not say a reconciliation was effected without word of audible confession on either side—a reconciliation entire, complete, and confirmed for a life-time!

#### A Word with the Liquor Dealer—Is the Drunkard Murdered?

The charge is sometimes made against the vendor that he murders the victim of his business.—Let us for a moment examine this serious charge.

That the man who fills a drunkard's grave is killed, cannot be questioned. But who killed him? He killed himself by drinking. And who were his accessories? Whiskey and New England Rum. The liquor vender only furnished the means, like the gun-smith who sells the pistols to the duelists. What has he to do with it?

A company of sportsmen are shooting at a mark across the road where people are hourly passing. Say they—we are pursuing our calling—we wish to hurt nobody—every man must take care of himself—blaze away! A passenger receives a bullet through his heart. Who killed him? He killed himself by going before the gun. Who were his accessories? Rifle powder and ball.—The sportsmen only pulled the trigger—he didn't shoot at him, and what has he to do with it?

The liquor vender and the sportsmen alike, have no wish to injure any one. They pursue their business, each for his respective end; one for pleasure, and the other for profit. But whether it is asserted that the sportsmen murdered the man or not—will they be exonerated from all blame? Would they be deserving ever after, of a "license" to carry fire arms?

But says the vender: I never sold the man liquor enough to hurt him, and I am not responsible for the acts of others.

This dividing of responsibility is a very curious thing. Four young men start out on New Year's Day to call upon their fair friends, and call at fifty places during the day. At every place refreshments are offered, and in each case they are made to take, in the cake, confectionary, fruit, or drink, *two grains* (that will hurt nobody) of arsenic. At night they are dead men. Who killed them?

Suppose, being their own masters, they had called at each house, for two grains of arsenic—and it was given them at their request. Do you suppose those fifty young ladies could behold the lifeless bodies of those four young men, and lift in concert, their fair hands to heaven, and say—"thou can't not say I did it?"

Suppose one out of those fifty had told them that she did not keep so dangerous an article in the house, and would not furnish it for her friends. Would she, think you, have no feelings different from the others, as the mournful music of the tolling bell swelled on the air?

The fact is—this Rum is a bad thing—drinking it is more dangerous than arsenic or rifle balls, and making and selling it is a bad business. Why not quit it.—[Dollar Weekly.]

**A SAD SIGHT.**—In passing through Cambridge street, on Sunday evening, my attention was arrested by the cries of a small girl, six or seven years of age, in the court near Parkman's market. It appeared that she was drunk, and had fallen down and hurt her head. She was then staggering along, with two small boys by her side. Upon inquiry, I learned that her parents (Irish) were then drunk, in their residence near by, and were in the constant habit of drunkenness. It is to be hoped that Father Mathew may not be so fettered, while in this country, as to prevent him from doing the good to his countrymen which he doubtless designed in coming here.

The Lexington Budget says that "Mother Eve married a gardener." To which the Louisville Journal replies: "It might have been added, that said gardener, in consequence of this imprudent match, lost his situation."

#### Mistaken Training of Youth.

In many thousands of instances, it may be observed, that, even before a child has been weaned from its mother's breast, malignant dispositions are not only fostered, but are regularly taught both by precept and example. Does a child happen to hit his head accidentally against the corner of a table, it is taught by its nurse, and even by its mother, to avenge the injury on the inanimate object which caused it; and to exhibit its prowess and its revenge by beating the table with all its might. Does it cry, through peevishness or pain, it is immediately threatened with being thrown into the ditch, tossed out of the window, or committed to the charge of some frightful spectre.—Is it expedient to repress its murmurings, and to cajole it into obedience, it is then inspired with fallacious hopes, and allured with deceitful promises of objects and of pleasures which are never intended to be realized. Does it require to have its physical powers exercised, a wooden sword or a whip is put into its hands; and it is encouraged to display its energies by inflicting strokes on a dog, or a cat, or any of its play-fellows or companions. I have seen a little urchin of this description, three or four years of age, brandishing its wooden sword with all the ardor of a warrior, and repeating its strokes on every person around, while the foolish parents were exulting in the prowess displayed by their little darling, and encouraging it in all its movements. By these and similar practices, revenge, falsehood, superstition, and the elements of war, are fostered in the youthful mind; and is it to be wondered at, that such malignant principles and passions should "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength," till they burst forth in all those hideous forms which they assume amidst the contests of communities and of nations? The false maxims by which children are frequently trained under the domestic roof, and the foolish indulgence with which they are treated by injudicious parents, in too many instances lay the foundation of those petulant and malignant tempers, which are a pest both to Christian and general society. Indulgence often leads to an opposite extreme, and produces such a degree of insubordination among the young, that nothing is to be seen and heard, but a perpetual round of scolding and beating, and the contest of angry passions. "Among the lower ranks of people," says Dr. Witherspoon, "who are under no restraint from decency, you may sometimes see a father or mother running out into the street, after a child who has fled from them, with looks of fury and words of execration, and they are often stupid enough to imagine that neighbors or passengers will approve them in this conduct." Wherever parental authority is thus undermined, and such conduct uniformly pursued, a sure foundation is laid for an extensive display, in after life, of the malignant passions of the human heart.—[Thomas Dick.]

#### Love in a Wedding Ring.

Thousands of people are inquiring,—“where is Love to be found?” I answer—In a wedding ring.

Do you doubt me? Look, and satisfy yourself. Wedding rings are (almost) as plentiful as fingers. There can be no difficulty in finding them. Love is there.

Is he not? What can have driven him away? I know there are fingers encircled by golden rings, which Love has had no hand in placing there.—I know that there are hearts sacrificed upon Hymen's altar, which Love has turned into tears; but these sacrifices are exceptions to the rule.—In most cases, when the ring is put upon the bride's finger, *Love is there.*

Is he not still there? Then you have turned him away. Violence has been used: for Love is not a voluntary wanderer: he loves his home too well: he will dwell perpetually where he has made his home, if you will only permit that home to remain as you found it, when he took up his abode there. Then look for him in your wed-

ding ring. If he is not there, take shame on yourself for his flight, and strive to call him back.

A bridegroom when he bestows the ring, and a bride when she receives it, both make virtuous resolutions to allow nothing to disturb the serenity of their lives; but alas! both bridegroom and bride are too apt to forget the virtuous resolution. It is a cold December day: the rain and sleet are falling without: and we ring the bell for the domestic to improve the fire. Who but simpletons would let the fire go out? Brides and bridegrooms are such simpletons. They think Love's fire will burn and blaze without any trouble being taken by themselves. They see it fading by degrees, and make no effort to revive it. They only clasp their hands, and lament the wretchedness of their fate! Who can pity them!

They who take care of the fire, are comfortable, and happy, on the bitterest winter day.—Snow, rain, wind, tempest, have no terrors for them. They pass through life as through a delightful dream: and you may always be sure in their house to find Love in a Wedding ring.

#### The Drunkard's Daughter.

A Young child lay in its mother's arms.—The first dawning light of intelligence beamed from its deep blue eyes as the babe looked up into its mother's face. The mother's eyes filled with tears, yet she smiled a sweet, sad smile; and the smile with its sweetness and its sadness was the first impression given to an immortal mind.

Days, weeks and months went by—a mother's love, a mother's tenderness blessed that infant's existence—but tears often blinded the mother's eyes, and her smile was ever sad, and the spirit of the little one became more and more deeply imbued with the sadness of the mother's smile.

Years passed by—and the child, who had ever shrunk from the harsh tones of her father's voice, had learned the cause of the mother's tears, had learned to sympathize in her sorrows; and alas! had learned, in early childhood, the lessons of care and forethought that belongs to maturer years. The blight that rested on the mother's spirit, rested also on the child.

There was no gladness in that young bosom:—Hope essayed to find a dwelling place there—if she brought such garlands for that young brow as others wore, the ruthless hand of a drunken father tore away the wreath and hope departed!—What right had a drunkard's child to Hope's fairy blossoms?

What right had she to other inheritance than care and sorrow and wretchedness?

Time sped on; and the drunkard's daughter was fair—beautiful in the first blush of womanhood; all the gentle and pure emotions that dwell in the bosom of the heart-broken mother had been imparted to the child. The sad desolate home of the drunkard was the abode of beauty and loveliness; yet a great gulf separated the drunkard's daughter from the companionship of kindred minds. Dark heavy clouds overshadowed all her future, and only when the inebriate father slept in an unhonored grave were the clouds swept away—not till then did the sunshine of friendship, and love, and sympathy illuminate the pathway of her whose morning of life had been beclouded by the deep gloom which ever obscures the day of the drunkard's child.—[Dollar Weekly.]

**THE ROSE.**—Among flowering plants the rose is a universal favorite, the ornament and charm of both the palace and the cottage. It is symbolical of love, beauty and innocence, and has furnished lovers and poets with more comparisons and imagery than all other flowers taken together. For unknown ages it has been admired, sung of, and cultivated in Europe and Asia; nor does time seem to weaken man's love for his favorite, or to lessen his devices for rearing it in perfection.

An Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason, "Och," said Pat, "would you have me leave his mother an orphan?"



For the Lily.  
**LINES,**  
 SUGGESTED AT THE SIGHT OF A WITHERED BOUQUET.

I see enshrined as in a tomb,  
 The relics of a fair bouquet;  
 And sigh to witness so much bloom  
 And beauty, passed so soon away,  
 The work of death e'en in a flower  
 Comes to the heart with sad'ning power.

Those lovely flowers are faded all,  
 Not one retains its native hue;  
 How like the fair and beautiful,  
 Whom in the bloom of life I knew:  
 Where are they now? I drop the tear  
 Of anguish o'er their youthful bier.

These faded flowers are precious now,  
 Their owner loves each form to trace;  
 Thus the loved ones whom death laid low,  
 Naught can their memory efface;  
 But in my inmost heart I cherish  
 The love for them which cannot perish.

I see the silken band that binds  
 These withered flowers is fair as ever—  
 The chord that bound my heart to theirs  
 Long weary years have failed to sever;  
 And while I live, enshrined shall be  
 Their image in my memory.

REBECCA.

Amenia, N. Y., July, 1849.

For the Lily.  
**PENCIL SKETCHES.**

By Irene.

**HOW PEOPLE BEAR THE ILLS OF LIFE.**

I looked into Ella's breast one day, to see "how she bore the ills of life," for I knew she had cause for unhappiness. She would not weep and she could not laugh, so she fled from her thoughts to mingle with the gay and mirthful. But she always came back more sad than ever. Poor Ella! The world then, cannot give "strength to endure" thought. I,—so I turned elsewhere.

I found a noble man in the vigor of life, who had suffered the keenest griefs. He gathered about him the brightest gems of literature; he tasked his mind to its utmost strength in his researches after knowledge. Then from his pen came bright thoughts and words full of deep meaning, and the world was dazzled with the brilliant coruscations that flashed from the retreat of the hermit. His name rung upon the lips of thousands. I wondered if he had forgot his griefs now! I had almost thought strength was here—but I saw him wearied at last. He sought rest for his over-tasked mind. Then the thoughts he had driven away, came rushing back with tenfold anguish—unsubdued—unextinguished. The spirit of the strong man was broken, and he laid him down to die alone. Alas! I could not find here what I sought, and again I wandered.

I strolled through the streets of a large city, and made my way through the throng to an old blind harper. I thought he must be very old, for his hair was long and white, and his face was wrinkled, and so sorrowful. He touched his harp at times, as though the fire of his youth had not all died out, and then again he fingered it lightly and listened to the vibrations, as though the tones were precious to him. He never talked with the passers-by, but sometimes he spoke kind words to the little, fair, frail child, that stood at his side. I stooped and in low tones spoke to her, "Is not your grandfather happy?" She looked at me a moment with wondering eyes, and then with a smile replied:

"Oh, yes! if you will not take his harp away."

"And is he never sad—never sorry while he plays?"

The child twisted her fingers among her long uncombed curls and said nothing. I asked again and then with a face too sad for a child, she replied.

"Yes, he cries sometimes when he plays mother's tunes, for she went away on the water and never came back again."

I left them with a sorrowful heart, for I found that music even in its joyous strains, can awaken sorrow, and its sweetest melodies make the saddened spirit wild with grief, when associated with the loved and the lost.

Wearied and disappointed, I rested at a desolate looking home—the home of a woman who had toiled and suffered all her life. The last of her loved ones had gone from her forever, and she was alone—alone. None to speak kindly to her; nothing to attract her thoughts from her trials; not one of the luxuries or comforts of life.—Alone and nothing!

I watched her cheerful face in amazement and then was turning away with thoughts of her coldness or insensibility. But I looked in upon her heart, as I did at Ella's and there I saw peace and resignation. Sorrow was there too, but I saw she knew how to "suffer and be strong."—It was not her own strength—it was not from the world. I learned her secret at last—the secret I had longed to discover. *Trust in God.*

Auburn, July 19th, 1849.

**Dollar Snasion.**

"Mrs. Howard, have you seen that beautiful piece of silk at Smith's?" asked a lady of the friend to whom she was paying a morning call.

"No I have not, I never purchase goods at that store," was the reply.

"Never purchase goods at Smith's!" exclaimed Mrs. Newton, "it is the cheapest and best store in town—what can be the reason?"

"Only that Mr. Smith sells intoxicating drinks," replied Mrs. Howard.

"What an idea," exclaimed her friend, laughing. "Why my dear Mrs. Howard no one wishes you to buy whiskey at Smith's—there can be no harm in buying other goods there."

"I think there is harm in patronizing a rum-seller in any way," remarked Mrs. Howard, gravely.

"Am I to understand that you do not trade at any rum-selling establishment?" asked Mrs. Newton with surprise.

"Most certainly"—replied Mrs. Howard, "I would sooner wear this morning dress to church all summer than procure a more suitable one, if it must be purchased of a rum-seller; not that I am indifferent to dress, but because the rum-seller deals out poison to his fellow men and I will not be partaker in his guilt."

"Oh! you go to far," said Mrs. Newton. "If you do not encourage the sale of intoxicating drinks by purchase, you certainly are not accessory to his guilt."

"I cannot so easily shake off my sense of individual responsibility" remarked Mrs. Howard with a sigh. "I should not be guilty of the sin of purchase it is true—but if I in any way neglect to give my influence against the unholy traffic I may be 'remembered' in that day, 'when He shall make inquisition for blood.'"

"The subject presents itself to my mind in something such a light as this; the influence of woman is universally acknowledged, but we know her influence must be exercised in a becoming and appropriate manner to produce good results. It would be very improper for me to go and reproach Mr. Smith for selling rum, but by withdrawing my patronage from his store, and letting it be understood why I do so I administer the strongest possible reproof in a manner most likely to be felt. I feel that I cannot do less and act consistently with my avowed principles of Temperance and Christianity."

"But your influence alone will not prevent selling rum," said Mrs. Newton musingly.

"Very true—I only save my own conscience from guilt—but if twenty of the ladies who now purchase goods of him, should, for the same reason withdraw their patronage, he would not sell rum another day."

The patronage of twenty, nay even of ten influential families would be worth more to him than all his tipping customers, and as there can be no possible motive other than self interest that induces him to sell rum, he would immediately relinquish the traffic.

We sigh over the desolations of intemperance while our own sex possess sufficient influence if only combined and exerted, to banish the curse from every store, and every respectable hotel and saloon in town; and if we will not do it, we are guilty of the blood of souls."

"But others do not think as you do, and one or two can do nothing alone," objected Mrs. Newton. She knew that to adopt Mrs. Howard's principles would involve sacrifice, and the rich silks and exquisite laces to be found only at Smith's never before appeared half so enticing.

"Oh you don't know what wonders two or three could perform if they would really try," said Mrs. Howard, smiling. "Suppose, for instance, you and I wish to purchase goods at Smith's store, but we do not feel at liberty to do so while he continues to sell rum, and we also feel that if we can persuade him to abandon the traffic we shall save him from the rum-seller's fearful guilt. As the most effectual means of doing this, we withdraw our patronage—I should be sorry to think that each of us does not possess sufficient influence to induce at least one other of our acquaintance to do likewise—these could influence others, and the circle thus widening would soon induce Mr. Smith to remove this obstacle to his own prosperity and others happiness. A curse whose dreadful results cannot be fully known on earth would thus be removed from community, and we could enjoy the benefits of Mr. Smith's fine taste in the selection of goods without being annoyed by the presence of the loathsome inebriate and without any reproaches of conscience."

"But the course you propose seems rather ultra—almost like compelling men to do right"—said Mrs. Newton.

"I am aware of that," was the reply, "but at this day, with all the light that every man enjoys, none but those whose moral perceptions are obscured, if not destroyed, will engage in a traffic so deleterious in its consequences, and nothing less than ultra measures will induce them to relinquish it. But suppose every effort fails, it is worth some sacrifice to have the approbation of one's own conscience—and whenever we see a reeling drunkard—the image of God transformed to the brute—to feel that we have done what we could, and all we could to prevent the fearful ruin."

The varying expression of Mrs. Newton's countenance showed a mind ill at ease, and as she rose to take leave Mrs. Howard ventured to say—

"I have spoken very freely Mrs. Newton, because I think Temperance ladies do not appreciate their influence sufficiently—I hope I have not given offence."

"By no means," was the immediate reply, "on the contrary I thank you most sincerely. Never have I realized the weight of my own responsibility as I do this morning—I find I must also be ultra temperance if I would hereafter enjoy peace of mind," she added with a smile "Good morning."—[Dollar Weekly.]

WOMAN is just what man makes her. Show her that you admire usefulness more than tinsel; that you wish for a companion instead of a plaything; that you esteem beauty of the mind more than personal beauty; and she will so educate herself as to be worthy your respect and affection.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun; and the two are never far apart.



Written for the Lily.

## Woman's Intellectuality.

That many of the other sex should apparently make studious, thoughtful, reflecting woman is strange—when at the same time, they will ridicule vain and foolish ones. Can the cause be traced to a coward fear of being outdone, or a vain desire of being regarded superior. Whatever it may be, the effect is very apparent—for we must admit that woman's reflecting powers have long been allowed to sleep. But we have clear evidences that it is not a death sleep, but a repose induced by circumstances; and it yet remains for her to roll away the stone from the door of this mental sepulchre, and arouse from her lethargy. When I see her looking up in such blind deference to the assertions of man, at the same time throwing around her all those external charms to gain his admiration at the expense of nobler attainments, I am compelled to mourn her folly, and pity her duplicity. Perhaps this may be owing in a great measure to the character of present amusements and social intercourse. They are certainly not of as elevated a nature as they should be. If this were not so we should not see young ladies, when they come into the society of gentlemen, throw off all appearance of reflection—become suddenly volatile and thoughtless, as if their whole powers of amusement should be consecrated to folly. No wonder, under such circumstances, that she be considered inferior. How much more noble and intellectual the character of woman's social intercourse might become! yet who but herself can be expected to bring about this reform? If she would cease to adorn the outward at the expense of the inward, a mental illumination would suddenly arise, bathing in its new-born light her hitherto latent powers, and awaken them to higher and nobler attainments. She would then feel and know, that no outward grace or adornment, could compensate for the neglect of that imperishable treasure which she is to refine and polish, till it reflects the image of its maker. She would then learn to live for a higher purpose than to gain the admiration of those who have too often fed her vanity on flattery and at the same time, boasted of her weakness. She would then learn to fulfill the great purposes of her creation—to adorn and ennoble the path-way of life. To aid and encourage her in this work, the flowers seem to smile upon her from their low beds, inviting her to study their wonderful form and beauty—the stars peep out from their cloudy covering, glittering like so many diamonds, and call upon her to admire their splendor—the mountains rear their vast summits in proud beauty—the tall forests wave, and the mighty waters roll and pour sublime music on the ears of animated nature. All these invite her to study—to reflection—to the improvement of her own mind. Why with so many incentives to a life of usefulness—to high and noble purposes will she yet continue to lend a deaf ear to nature's great teachings, and consent to exchange the rich treasures of intellect and knowledge, for the froth of flattery, and the poor dull music of admiration!

Seneca Falls, July 9.

M.

**A TRUE MAN.**—Who is he? One who will not swerve from the path of duty to gain a mine of wealth or a world of honors. He respects the feelings of all, the rich and the poor, the honorable and the humble. He is careful not to speak an unkind word to his servant as to his lord. He is as attentive to the wants of a slave as to a prince. Wherever you meet him he is the same kind, accommodating, unobtrusive, humble individual. In him are embodied the elements of pure religion. No step is taken which the law of God condemns—noword is spoken which pains the ear of man.

God has made no one absolute. The rich depend on the poor as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a mere magnificent building, all its stones gradually cemented together.

## THE LILY.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1849.

## A Word to Mothers.

To those mothers who plead so artfully in favor of brandy and wine, to preserve their cake and mince pies, and who openly praise the good qualities of those poisonous beverages we would say, *beware* lest ye stand in the way of your sons' salvation and prove the tempters which shall lead them on to destruction. Yours is an important, a responsible position. From you, your children must receive such impressions as shall either fit them for happiness, for honor, and for usefulness, or prepare their minds to imbibe every evil, and to fall an easy prey into the snare set for them by the wily destroyer. From your lips they must learn those lessons in wisdom which are to be their safe-guard through life, against the temptations which will everywhere assail them. Childhood is the time to sow the good seed, but if a mother neglects to prepare the ground and sow the good seed, she may expect at the harvest to reap for herself sorrow and wo, and to see him who should, and would—if she had discharged her duty—have been her pride and comfort, a vile and wretched outcast—a friendless and homeless wanderer, and perhaps a criminal, yielding up his life in prison or on the gallows, to expiate the deeds committed during his vile and wicked career. Temptations in many forms assail them the moment they leave the nursery and go out into the world. The siren voice of evil and vicious pleasures allures them on step by step towards the dark abyss, whence sooner or later, unless restrained by pure and virtuous principles, they will make a fatal plunge. How important then that mothers should so instruct their children while under their control—so instill into their tender and susceptible minds ere vice is permitted an entrance, such a love of all that is good, and such a fear and hatred of evil, that they may go forth armed as with shield and buckler to contend against the temptations and allurements which would else soon work their destruction.

What can that mother expect but the disgrace and ruin of her children, who, knowing that danger and death surrounds the intoxicating bowl, will yet persist in using the poison. Such an one voluntarily yields up her children to the Moloch of intemperance, and by practice if not by precept, leads them herself to the sacrificial altar. In vain may she try to persuade her son that it is wrong for him to drink the intoxicating beverage, so long as she cannot deprive herself of its beneficial qualities in her food. In vain may she endeavor by precept to teach him to fear the foe, while the destroyer of domestic happiness—the blighter of fond hopes and fair prospects—the charmer which seeks to lure her little ones to destruction, is admitted within her dwelling, and treated as a friend.

There are many whom we wot of, who in one breath will praise the good qualities of alcoholic beverages, and say they cannot preserve their cake and pies without it, and in the next admit the danger, and express a fear of the consequences flowing from its use. Conscience will not keep quiet. The little monitor within whispers that wrong is done, and warns them to beware

lest the viper which they now hug so fondly, turn and sting them.

Oh! mother, can you not for the sake of your loved ones, forego the pleasure of pampering to the taste by adding the dreaded poison to your food, when you know that their happiness, their respectability, their life, and the salvation of their immortal souls are at stake?—Can you not—*will you not*, banish the destroyer from your dwelling, and teach your children to shun it as they would the dreaded pestilence? Think not that it is a little matter, or that because you occupy a high station in society, the monster will pass you by, and leave you unharmed. Such is not his course. He delights in humbling the lofty, and laying the proud and gifted at his feet. The destruction of such is his sport, and the number of such victims cannot be counted. Yours may be the next to fall beneath his iron sway. It is in your power to save them. If you do it not, fearful will be the consequences, and awful the meeting between you and them at the final judgment.

Mrs. Caroline M. Sweet,

Who some time since entered the drunkenness of one Cole, a rumseller of Portland, and demolished glasses, bottles, and whatever else she could lay her hands on, has been tried, found guilty, and fined \$10 and costs, amounting in all to about \$50. This sum was instantly paid by the friends of temperance. The husband of Mrs. Sweet was a customer of Cole's, and by his intemperance rendered his family wretched and destitute. Mrs. S. had in vain appealed to Cole to spare him, and entreated him to give her husband no more liquor. But of what avail is it for a weeping wife to ask mercy of a rumseller? As well might she expect that Satan himself would desist from his work of destroying immortal souls.

Finding that "moral suasion" was worse than useless, and knowing that the law had no protection for her, she took the matter into her own hands, and did what lay in her power to punish the thief who was stealing away not only her living, but the life of her husband.

Many will doubtless say that she was actuated by a spirit of revenge, and rejoice that she has been made to answer for it. They have no sympathy for a woman rendered desperate by seeing the partner of her bosom—the husband of her love—the father of her children, fed day after day with a poison which dethrones reason and brutalizes the heart—which saps away the property, the reputation, the love, the health, the life of its victim, and consigns him to the dishonored grave of the drunkard! They have no sympathy for her who sees him with whom she joyfully chose to walk hand in hand through life—him in whom her whole soul is wrapt up, and in whose love is centered all her hopes of happiness—become a vile and bloated wretch—a loathsome drunkard! No, they have more feeling for the wretch who is thus stabbing her to the heart, than for her.

Cole, by his business was destroying her husband—he was depriving her children of food and clothing—he was blasting all her hopes of happiness, and making her wretched and broken hearted; but for all this she had no remedy. The law would do nothing for her, but threw its protecting arm around him who was causing the ruin; and



when she demolished a few bottles and spilled a little of the *legalized poison*, the offence was so great that the law stepped in to punish her. A few bottles of alcohol are, in the eyes of the dispensers of *justice* (?) of more value than human life!!

We do not pretend to say what *we* should do in such a case. We think however, that he who should thus lure *our husband* to destruction, would have but little peace. There is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue. If the rulers of our land will do nothing to stay the ruin caused by intoxicating drinks—if they will do nothing to protect the innocent wife and children from being crushed and trodden to the earth by the tyrant rum-seller, then it is time that woman bids defiance to our unjust laws, and shows a spirit and determination to protect herself. We only wonder that she has so long tamely submitted to them."

#### Water Drops.

We are indebted to the author, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, for a copy of a neat bound volume with the above title. It contains many interesting articles on the subject of temperance, both in prose and poetry. The preface being addressed particularly to females, we copy it below entire, for the benefit of that portion of our readers:

"Much has been said and done in the cause of Temperance, and for the reformation of those who have swerved from its dictates. Yet there is still a strong tide to stem, and a great work to achieve.

Are the female sex fully aware of their duties in this matter? Too many of them have, indeed, felt the miseries of a desolated fireside, and the transformation of the natural protector of themselves and their children into a frenzied foe.—Peopled prisons, and blood upon the hearthstone, have brought into prominence before the public eye, that fearful intemperance from which such sufferings flow.

It has been repeatedly asked, if females are prepared to render all the aid in their power for the suppression of a crime which peculiarly threatens their most sacred interests. What is the nature of the power they may command? Does it not consist principally in home influence? In preventives,—in pencil traces on the tender mind,—when it "turneth as wax to the seal?" Is not the structure of domestic life committed to their care? And are not the seeds of the evil we contemplate sometimes sown at the household board, in the example of those who hold the reins of authority, or the talisman of love? Ought not the foundation of self-control to be laid in the early habits of unfolding character? Is abstinence from the intoxicating cup the *whole* of temperance? Is it wise to pamper all the appetites, and then expect the entire subjugation of one? Is it safe to wait until that one has become perverted, and then wage against it a painful, doubtful warfare?

Women, by the courtesy of modern times, have been styled the educating sex. High honor and deep responsibility dwell with such a name.—Should not the whole of education teach the danger of self-indulgence, and the excellence of intellectual enjoyment? While it recognises the kindness of the Great Former of the body, in at-

taching pleasure to the appetites by which it is nourished, will it fail to expose the ingratitude and madness of putting in jeopardy through this excess, not only the welfare of the body, but the life of the soul?

What then is the aid that woman can most fitly lend to the noble science of being "temperate in all things?" Not the assumption of masculine energies, not the applause of popular assemblies; but the still, small voice singing at the cradle-side—the prayerful sigh, that cries when the seraphs veil their faces.

So may she steadfastly co-operate with the blessed agencies that work around her, till, from the sanctuary of every home, shall go forth a pure streamlet to make glad the green vales of her native land, and praise the Lord of the harvest.

#### Progress.

The Legislature of New Hampshire at its recent session enacted a new license law,—or rather amended their old one. Hereafter no license is to be granted in the State, for the sale of *intoxicating liquors as a beverage*. One person in each town may be licensed to sell for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes, and for "*no other use, or purpose*." Any person selling spirituous liquors of any description without such license, is subject to heavy penalties.

This is right, and we rejoice to see such action on the part of those upon whom it rests to make laws for the protection of the people. Our rulers are sadly culpable that they have so long winked at the great evil of intemperance, and instead of crushing the monster which is the cause of so much misery and taxation, have thrown the strong arm of the law around the traffic, and shielded its death-dealing agents. But a brighter day is dawning! The people will be heard in this matter. The time is not far distant, when rum-selling will be classed among other criminal offences, and rum-sellers be treated with the contempt and punishment meted out to the thief and murderer. It has become a settled conviction with the enlightened public, that nothing short of stringent laws, can arrest the fearful curse of drunkenness.

The passage of such laws, is the object for which all good temperance men now aim, and they never will give one inch of ground to the foe, nor relax their efforts till they have accomplished their purpose. This movement on the part of New Hampshire is but another evidence of an enlightened public sentiment, and we truly hope that our own Empire State will soon arise in her strength, and bind the foe within her borders.

LADY'S BOOK.—We are under many obligations to Mr. GODEY, for the August number of his splendid "Book." It is in truth a superb number—elegantly embellished and printed, and contains a rich variety of interesting literary matter. There are original articles in it from 43 contributors. It contains 28 engravings, several of which are very fine. A more appropriate ornament for a lady's table, we cannot well conceive of. Godey does indeed know how to get out the best magazine.

THE TEMPERANCE PROTECTOR is the name of the new Temperance paper, started at Syracuse, under the auspices of the State Society. We have no doubt but that it will prove a bold and

faithful advocate of the cause, although we have our doubts whether another Temperance paper was needed. Would it not have been better to have bestowed the same amount of patronage which this new journal is to receive, upon the "Star" at Rochester, which is ably conducted, and takes as strong ground, and advocates the same measures which the Protector aims to support? We think so. Nevertheless, since it is in the field we wish it abundant success.

"The Lily," comes this week again, asking an exchange. Why, dear Lily, you are on our list, and a paper is regularly mailed to you. We should be sorry to be without *The Lily*, and rejoice to know it thinks of us. We have so long tended, watered and watched her beautiful leaves unfolding—have so dwelt with so much delight upon her many graces, without a sign our preference was returned; that it is very grateful to have this speaking member of the lily family return us some tithe of our love and veneration.

[Saturday Visitor.]

Now Mrs. Swissholm we did not expect this of you. We missed the *Visitor* from our table for a time and feared you had dropped us from your list, when lo! it comes to us again with this very kind and flattering notice. We are happy to receive this testimonial of your love and favor, and hope to merit a continuance of it. We like the *Visitor* extremely well, and should be very sorry to be deprived of its weekly visits; our only regret is that we did not make your acquaintance sooner. Your brother editors seem to be jealous of you, and to have fears of your trespassing upon what they consider their exclusive right, but we are glad to see you contest the matter so ably, and so fearlessly stand your ground against them all. We cordially take you by the hand dear sister, and whether we agree with you in all things or not, we shall have great respect for your opinions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will A. of Penn Yan please send along the remainder of that article; the part sent is so short we prefer waiting till we can publish it entire.

"The Shower," "Lita," and others shall appear in due time.

INVITING.—A fellow who keeps a gymnasium out west, advertises to teach shooting and the use of the bowie knife—gratis!

We listened with much pleasure on Sunday evening last to an address by Mr. Samuel H. Harrington, of Geneva, on Temperance, at the M. E. Church. So seldom have meetings of this character been held in this vicinity, recently, that it really did our heart good to see so large a number in attendance. The address was very good, more especially as it seemed to treat in its proper light the awful sin of rum drinking and rum selling, and the right of the community to demand and receive protection from the dire wrongs inflicted upon society, by the maker and the vender of intoxicating drinks. It is evident that the public mind is becoming right on this subject, and that the time will come when the killing of men with whiskey and brandy, will be looked upon as abhorrent to right and justice, as killing them with guns and bowie-knives.

Prince Henry once said, that "all the pleasures in the world is not worth an oath."



# Notes from Correspondents.

I thank the writers of the letters, of which the following are extracts, for the interest they take in our success. The encouragement they give us is truly gratifying; at the same time we fear they place an undue estimate upon our feeble labors.

I thank a kind Providence that one woman has the courage to stand out "in bold relief," in opposition to the burning tide of intemperance, which like flowing lava-blasts, sears, and annihilates the hopes and happiness of thousands, and which sends their bleeding, blackened, mutilated souls to the dreary regions of eternal night. Courage! Courage!! You think not what an influence you exert in staying and cooling this tide, and in erecting barriers at those avenues through which it enters many families. Courage! Courage!! then; may God and the efforts of the friends of this, His cause, sustain you.

I enclose you one dollar, and hope to forward another soon. This my favorite sheet, is uniformly spoken well of, by those who subscribed for it here.

Truly Yours, H.

The Lily meets my entire approbation. Its columns are filled with chaste and appropriate matter, and is welcomed to my family with delight. I take great pleasure in its circulation, and wish that I could do more for your benefit. It is an arduous task to edit a paper; at the same time it must afford you much pleasure to be engaged in so good a cause. It is the female that is doomed to suffer most from the effects of intoxication, without the power of redress, except from the influence of her own character. This she may exert with power, if she will, for she has the liberty of speech; and I rejoice that she has the moral courage to start a journal in her own behalf. We are happy to find so good an auxiliary in the cause of temperance. Go on, Ladies! although you are precluded from exercising the elective franchise, you have a right to claim protection for yourselves and little ones, and narrow must be the mind of that man who will not listen to your appeals. It need not be told that intemperance is one of the greatest evils that can befall our race, nor can it be denied that it falls heaviest on the female, though she partake not of the intoxicating beverage.

Be encouraged then, you that stand as sentinels upon the watch-tower, to give the alarm at the least approach of danger, and we will do all in our power to strengthen your hands, and encourage you in your arduous undertaking. Although arguments may seem to be exhausted yet the proverb says, "it takes many strokes to split hard oaks!" Therefore we must repeat the strokes, and pound the harder, until the hardest oaks are made to yield; and we have faith to believe that God will bless the cause, and our utmost efforts be crowned with success. I am highly pleased that the pure and chaste Lily is so well sustained, and hope you will be encouraged to continue its publication another year.

Yours, &c, S. J.

Your paper is truly a gem; its spotless pages bear the seal of truth, and we hope its teachings may be treasured up in good and honest hearts.

Enclosed is one dollar. I wish I was able to assist you more. I am not rich in this world's goods, but nature has given me a heart which is capable of appreciating all that is pure and lovely. When we contrast the present state of society with what it should be, our spirits are led to cry out against the follies of the present day, and mourn because of the wickedness of men; yet we must not be discouraged, but toil on in the patience of hope and the labor of love, and in due time we shall reap our reward.

Sincerely Yours,

J. W. G.

Seneca Falls, July, 1849.

Mrs. Bloomer:—

You may think from my silence that I have been unmindful of the interests of the "Lily," and indifferent to its success and prosperity.—But such is by no means the case. I have watched its opening and expanding leaves with peculiar interest, and it is a matter of rejoicing to know that notwithstanding the many predictions of its withering in the bud, it has expanded into the full grown flower, yielding beauty and fragrance to the beholder and promising fair, not only to bloom and flourish far into the coming winter, but also to blossom through another, and perhaps many years. I truly hope that this may be the case; that you will labor on in the good cause till you see the final triumph of the principles of total abstinence. There is need of the united labors of all in the warfare against the great foe, which aims at the destruction of all that is pure and good in man, and we should be ever at our posts ready for the contest.

I feel to regret the coldness and indifference, or rather inaction of the ladies of our village on this subject. They seem to have lain aside much of their former interest and folded their arms to rest. This is wrong. Instead of growing weary in doing good we have every reason to nerve our hearts and hands to the discharge of the great work which we have pledged ourselves to perform. We have in the "Lily" an organ through which we may make known our sentiments, and aim our blows at the cruel and death-dealing business of vending intoxicating drinks. If we may not be allowed to express our sentiments through the ballot-box, we should do so in every other way we can devise. I am surprised that so few of our ladies avail themselves of the high privilege allowed them of prosecuting the war of extermination against the unjust laws which oppress them, and against the unholy agents who make it their business to blast the fondest hopes, to desecrate the hearth-stones of happy families, to sunder the most holy ties, to break the chords of love and friendship, to make wretched all who come within the pestilential atmosphere with which they are surrounded.

I know that we have had many discouragements—many things to make us heart-sick; but we must ever remember that we have enlisted for the war—that desertion is more dishonorable than defeat, and that a great victory will in the end be ours, if we bear our weapons manfully and give no quarter to the enemy. While we have yet many ladies who have never swerved from the straight line of duty, and whose principles are fixed and unwavering, we see others who a few years ago were engaged with us in this great moral warfare, who have deserted their posts and left the cause to go down, or be sustained by others more persevering than themselves. Nor is this all. They have gone like traitors to the enemy, and are now using their influence against that cause they once professed to love, and which they pledged themselves to aid in advancing by all the means in their power. Their pledges, made in the sight of God and man, have been trampled upon and broken, and the cursed poison now finds a place in their abode, and protectors and defenders in them. But do they this with no compunctions of conscience? Do their

hearts approve of their doings? Ah, no! they know it to be wrong, and feel it too, yet they bid conscience be quiet, and heed not its warnings.—I was told a few days since that one of these ladies—one who in Washingtonian times, when it was popular, made herself active in the temperance cause—while conversing with some friends upon the use of intoxicating drinks, expressed herself thus: "I once pledged myself never to make use of it—I don't know but God will curse me for it—I have used it." She manifested no sorrow for having violated her solemn vow, nor any determination to do better for the future.

I tremble when I think how many such there are, and of the consequences likely to flow from their example. May God in mercy withhold the "curse," and shed his light into their hearts that they may speedily turn from the evil, and grant that if they will not lend a helping hand to aid us in our work, they may not lend strength to the enemy, by shielding and showing him favor.

Yours, truly, C.

## Work on—Success is Certain.

To the friends of temperance we would say, work on! Cease not your efforts! Let every temperance man stand firm in this glorious cause! If every temperance man will do his duty, the glorious time, is not far distant, when the principles of temperance will prevail and success will be certain. Could those who have gone down to the drunkard's grave during the last year, rise once more with the living, they would exhort us, in voices hoarse with the agony of the drunkard's retribution, to go on in our course, in the name of God and humanity. They would conjure us by the love we bear our fellow-men, to save them from the drunkard's miserable life and awful destiny, and by any and every means in our power. Verily, the dead are not voiceless, but the blood of our brothers cries from the ground against alcohol, against the cruel custom of presenting, in the name of friendship, a poisonous bondage to our neighbor's lips, and against the murderous traffic which is yearly destroying thousands upon thousands of men, women and children, and scattering criminals and paupers all over the land. If we stand quietly by, consenting to the death of our brothers, guilt will attach itself to us. Shall we not clear our skirts during the coming year by using all the means which God has put into our hands for the overthrow of this monstrous evil? We entreat our brethren in the temperance cause to toil on unceasing a short time longer, and we hesitate not to promise them such results as shall gladden their souls. If they are called to quit their earthly toils before this happy time arrives, they can surely trust Him who rules the universe, to bring about the final triumph of the cause they love.

N. Y. Washingtonian.

"Did you attend church to-day, as I charged you?" inquired an old planter of one of his slaves, as he returned to his dwelling.

"Sartin, massa," was Cudjo's reply, "an what two mighty big stories dat preacher did tell."

"Hush, Cudjo, you musn't talk that way: what stories are they?"

"Why he tell de people no man can sarve two massas; now dis is de fuss story, kase you see old Cudjo sarve you, my ole massa, and also young massa John. Den de preacher says he will lub the one and hate the other, while the Lord knows I hate you boff!"

Professor Olmstead, of New Haven, supposes that the present dry state of the atmosphere is very favorable in its effects upon the public health, and that electricity has very little to do with the cholera.



Written for the Lily.

**Spiritual Harmony.**

If our spirits are formed alike, then may we dwell together in harmony.

There is a music all divine,  
Of kindred spirits sweetly blending,  
In peace and love, their strains combine—  
What melody, each harp attending!  
Spirits of light! sing on! and soon,  
My own will catch the strain you're breathing,  
And sweetly echo back the tone,  
Which yours to mine is now bequeathing.

Oh! why have men so much of strife?  
Within dark spirits discord waking,  
To keep them from the paths of life,  
Of light, and beauty, round them breaking.  
Spirit of love! O, calm to peace,  
The raging of this wild commotion;  
Bid all this jarring warfare cease,—  
Give us the spirit's pure devotion.

'Tis not of earth, and yet 'twill make,  
Of earth a bright and glorious heaven,  
Teach men their idols to forsake,  
And seek the good which will be given.  
Come forth! come forth! O hallowed light!  
Long was my spirit for thee sighing,  
Long did I roam in gloom of night,  
Without one ray of hope espying.

Yet God will give the weary rest,  
And listen to the spirit's pleading,  
Guide to the mansions of the blest,  
Where now we find our footsteps leading;  
O! that all men on earth might know,  
The truth which nature's God is speaking,  
Might seek for truth, He will bestow,  
On all who are true wisdom seeking.

Clarendon, May, 1849.

J. W. G.

The following very ingenious and well written sermon appeared originally, we believe, in a western paper. It was sent to a lady of this place last winter for publication in the Lily, but was not handed over to us. We now find it in the "Free Soil Union," from which paper we copy it. It is said to have been written by an accomplished lady, and a leader of fashion. We wish her name had been given to the public.

**A Sermon.**

"Adam was first formed, and then Eve."  
[1st Tim. 2d, 13th.]

Among those who evince more conceit than good sense, and more effrontery than wisdom, are to be found some who profess to believe that man is endowed with an intellectual capacity superior to that of woman, and contend that, as Adam was first in primogeniture, and constituted lord of this lower world, so was he made superior in intellect to Eve, who, being the second in creation, was also second in mental power. They also attempt to substantiate the claims of man to greater intelligence than woman, that husbands are commanded to give honor unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel. And furthermore, that it was owing to the feeble intellect of Eve, that Satan, in the article of the great temptation assailed her, instead of Adam, expecting an easier victory.

Having assumed these facts, most complacently do they fold their arms, and with a compassionate, pitying look on woman, enjoy their fancied superiority.

We will now examine these claims and see if they are tenable.

In the first place, then, we admit that Adam was first formed, for it is so stated in the text; but we nowhere find it stated in the record that he was formed *greater* than Eve. Now, concerning the whole creation, wisdom marks its progress at every step, and wisdom we are commanded to follow and embrace. What man, therefore, if he be wise and desirous of building a house perfect in all its parts, would not first prepare a model or design of such a house, in order to obtain a satisfactory plan, before the erection of his edifice? So, Adam was first formed. The model being approved, Eve was then made after the model; and as no man, in building a model for his house, uses the same valuable materials that he employs in erecting the house itself, so Adam was made of that coarse material called earth, while Eve was not made until the substance had undergone a powerful change—had become purified, refined and sublimated—and then, in the perfection of beauty and excellence, was she produced and given to Adam "to be an help, meet for him." Mark the modesty of Eve: She puts in no offensive claim to superiority, on the score of a more refined nature, but seems content to live with Adam as his equal—and for a while, all was harmony in paradise.

In the second place, we will examine the charge of woman's being weaker in intellect than man, because she is stated to be the "weaker vessel." We think we shall be able to prove that this has reference to physical and not to mental strength. That man has given to him, muscular strength, greater than is given to woman, we are ready to admit; and there is wisdom in the arrangement, since man is commanded to labor, to support himself and his family by "the sweat of his face;" whereas no such commandment being given to woman, no such great strength is required in her case, she being left to the culture of her mental powers and to the sweet charities of life.

And is the possession of physical strength any argument in favor of superiority of mind? Were not Moses and David and Solomon weaker men than Samson and Goliath? Had Samson and Goliath, therefore, greater minds than they? Had not the fine linen of Egypt less strength than the coarse sailcloth which wafted her ships? Was it, therefore, an inferior fabric, because it was finer and more beautiful? Husbands are commanded to give honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel; but Peter had surely too much respect for himself and his sex to command them to honor any who are their inferiors by nature. Whom do men honor? Their superiors generally—their equals sometimes—their inferiors never. Had Peter considered the wives of those men whom he was addressing as possessing minds inferior to their own; would he not have said, be kind, be pitiful, be compassionate to your wives, instead of saying honor them? Most certainly he would. And Peter, very possibly, had the doctrine of compensation in his mind when he gave that command, and considered that, as woman was weaker in body, so she might be even stronger in mind—more spiritual—and therefore, entitled to honor.

We now come, in the third and last place, to consider why Satan chose Eve, instead of Adam for his victim. We have before said that, for awhile, all was harmony in paradise. But there was an enemy lurking near, and its happy inmates were marked for destruction.

We understand that Adam was lord of paradise. How did he exercise his power? When an enemy advances on his foe, does not the commanding officer of the antagonist army, ever on the watch, employ all his skill, exert all his energies, to baffle that enemy's design, and to become himself the victor? Does he not take every precaution for the protection of his troops and stand himself, if need be, in the fore front of the battle?—Did Adam so? Did he, in virtue of his high commission and boasted superiority, seek out the enemy and breast his assault? Did he even act on the defensive, by keeping near to his companion, cautioning her against the foe, protecting her, if assailed, and defending her, at the hazard of his own life? The enemy approaches—where is

Adam? Reclining supinely on the flowery bank, partaking of the luxurious fruit and inhaling the odoriferous perfumes of the fragrant groves of Eden. Where is Eve? Gone forth, alone, to her work. The arch enemy assails her, tempts her to disobedience, and the sad story of her fate is recorded in the tears and groans of her race!

And now, how stands it with Adam? Had he, indeed, possessed a stronger mind than his companion, would not the ambitious foe—for his sagacity would not have left that point undetected—have attacked the most powerful, disdaining an inferior conquest? But was it Adam whom he attacked? On the contrary, did not his high ambition—an ambition which had cost him heaven—prompt him to seek the woman, that he might wreak his vengeance on God's most perfect work? Did he not know that, to Adam, he would have but to say, take and eat; whereas it required all his ingenuity, all his powers of artifice, to undermine the principles of Eve? He even found it necessary to change the appearance of his identity, ere he could cause her to swerve from her obedience.

Again we ask, how stands it with Adam? In what did he display the mighty efforts of a mighty mind? Did he not fall from his allegiance to his Maker and forfeit life without resistance?—The command was given to Adam before Eve was created: "Thou shalt not eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, for, in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." It was therefore imperative on Adam especially to obey the law. No stratagem, no finesse was practised upon his understanding; but in the full exercise of all the faculties that had been given him, he coolly and dispassionately ate of the forbidden tree; and thus sealed the ruin of the world! Surely, if Adam were gifted with higher intellectual powers than his companion, his transgression was as much greater than hers, as his ability was greater to avoid it.

But there is yet another scene—and we once more ask, how stands it with Adam? "What is this that thou hast done?" "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat."

Was it manly—was it the mark of a generous noble spirit—was it indicative of a superior mind—thus to endeavor to shield himself by casting the blame upon the woman? Was there not meanness, was there not cowardice in this reply? See you not the contracted shoulders, the arms close pressed to the sides, the trembling step, the quivering lip, the blanched cheek, the apologetic look of Adam, as, in faltering tone, he says: "She gave me, and I did eat."

Alas, poor Adam! We have sought, but in vain in thy history for those proofs of a superior intellect, which, as a sort of birth-right, is claimed by many of thy sex, for thee and for themselves. As our first father, our hearts still warm to thee. But we think that the jury should not be impeached that pronounces the verdict, "Woman is thy equal;" and all thy intelligent descendants should say—Amen!

If a person complains of want of time, you may be sure that he wastes a great deal of it foolishly.

Intelligence is the brightest ornament, and modesty the most attractive charm of female character.

### Temperance House, AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no effort will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAA FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.